A ſtrange Encounter of two Lovers.

OR,

The Dying Maid Reviv'd.

To the Tune of, *On the Bank of a Brook, &c.* With Allowance.

DOwn in a Cypreſs Grove as I was lying,
to hear the Nightingals innocent ſong;
I ſaw a beautious Nymph weeping and crying,
and beating her breaſt as ſhe walked along:
She made ſuch complaints that would ſoften a ſtone,
She made the Grove ring with her pittiful moan.

In this condition a Gallant youth ſpy'd her,
as like to her he was walking alone;
Ye ſo aſtoniſht was when that he ey'd her,
that he did ſtand like a ſtock or a ſtone:
But at laſt he drew nigh, and he aſk'd what did grieve her,
And proffer'd his ſword and his life to relieve her.

Kind ſtranger, ſaid ſhe, no there is no redreſſing
of my miſfortunes but only by death,
O! if the Heavens would grant me that bleſſing,
how willingly would I reſign up my breath?
But ſince I muſt live I will weep till I dye,
And from all joy, and all comfort will flye.

Then, ſaid the noble youth, I'le ſit down by you,
and keep you company in your ſad grief:
I'le ſigh when you do weep, and never flye you,
till you can find to your ſadneſs relief:
Tell me the cauſe of your ſad diſcontent,
I'le help you for to weep, grieve, and lament.

O then, ſaid ſhe, give ear to my ſad ſtory,
I was belov'd, and belov'd much too well
By a moſt beautious youth, he was the glory
of all man-kind, for he did ſo excell
In valour and wiſdom, and vertues of mind,
That the whole world his like could not find.

He did love faithfully, for he did languiſh,
he griev'd and he pined, conſum'd with loves flame,
And I lov'd him as well, and had great anguiſh,
to ſee him ſuffer, but I was to blame;
For I was coy, forſooth, and for to try him,
I ſeem'd for to ſcorn him to ſlight him and flye him.

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HE came one day, and he told how he lov'd me,
he threw himself down at my feet all in tears;
He ask'd if his constancy had not yet mov'd me,
at which I seem'd for to stop my false ears:
O then, said he, since I no longer can live,
I'le dye by your hand if my deaths wound you'l give.

And so he gave me his sword for to strike him,
but I had rather have stab'd my own heart;
When I would neither strike, nor seem to like him,
he spoke these sad words as from me he did part:
Since by the hand that I love I can't dye,
I'le fall by the hand of some brave enemy.

I'le to the wars go, and in bloody battle,
teach the world how a scorn'd lover can fight;
With Lance and with sword will I thunder & rattle,
he fears no death whom his Mistris does slight:
In the midst of my foes will I yield up my breath,
And end my sad life by a nobler death.

And so he parted, and I seem'd to leave him,
with great content, but when that he was gone;
I sent to call him back, and undeceive him,
and for to tell him I had lov'd him long:
But he to Sea was got, for he did hate
The Country that gave him so cruel a fate.

I run down to the Shore weeping and wailing,
and to the waves and the winds I did cry;
Bring back my love again, for he is sailing
from a poor Maid that does languish and dye:
But the Ship soon was got out of my sight,
And then I fainted and swouned out-right.

I saw my folly, and curs'd my madness,
for which I ever will sit down and cry;
And until death I'le persever in sadness,
my mournful eyes they shall never be dry:
O hold, said the stranger, give me but one kiss,
I'le bring back your dear, for I know where he is.

I'de give the world, said she, wer't in my power,
but since it is not, I'le give what I can:
You'l have him for less, said he, this very hour,
and so here take him for I am the Man:
So into her arms the youth presently flue,
She look'd upon him, and found he said true.

The Nymph she wept for joy, fainted and swouned,
and felt those joys which can ne'r be exprest;
Her Lover felt as great, for his heart bounded,
it leapt and it caper'd almost out of's breast:
She wept, and he kiss'd, and then he did tell
How he came thither, and what him befell.

We scarce were got to Sea, when we discover
six Turkish Ships, said he, all under sail;
At which we startled were, but your sad lover
perswaded them for to fight without fail:
And so I shot off the challenging Gun,
And then we all unto battle did run.

I fought like one that all life had despized,
I leapt into one of their Ships all alone;
I only fought to dye, 'twas death I prized,
I stood them though they were hundreds to one:
Then our Ships were sown sever'd by wind & by wave.
And I was carry'd away for a slave.

Then for to work like a beast I was forced,
heavily loaded with an iron chain:
But my great torment was to be divorced
from my beloved, O that was a pain,
Much greater than stripes, than fetters, or gives,
Than being a slave, or losing of lives.

But when that I could no longer endure it,
away one night from the Turks I did flye;
Here in your sight by my death for to cure it,
fully resolv'd at your feet for to dye:
But here I find my grief turn'd into joy,
And into pleasures that never shall cloy.

Printed for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, *J. Wright*, and *J. Clarke*.